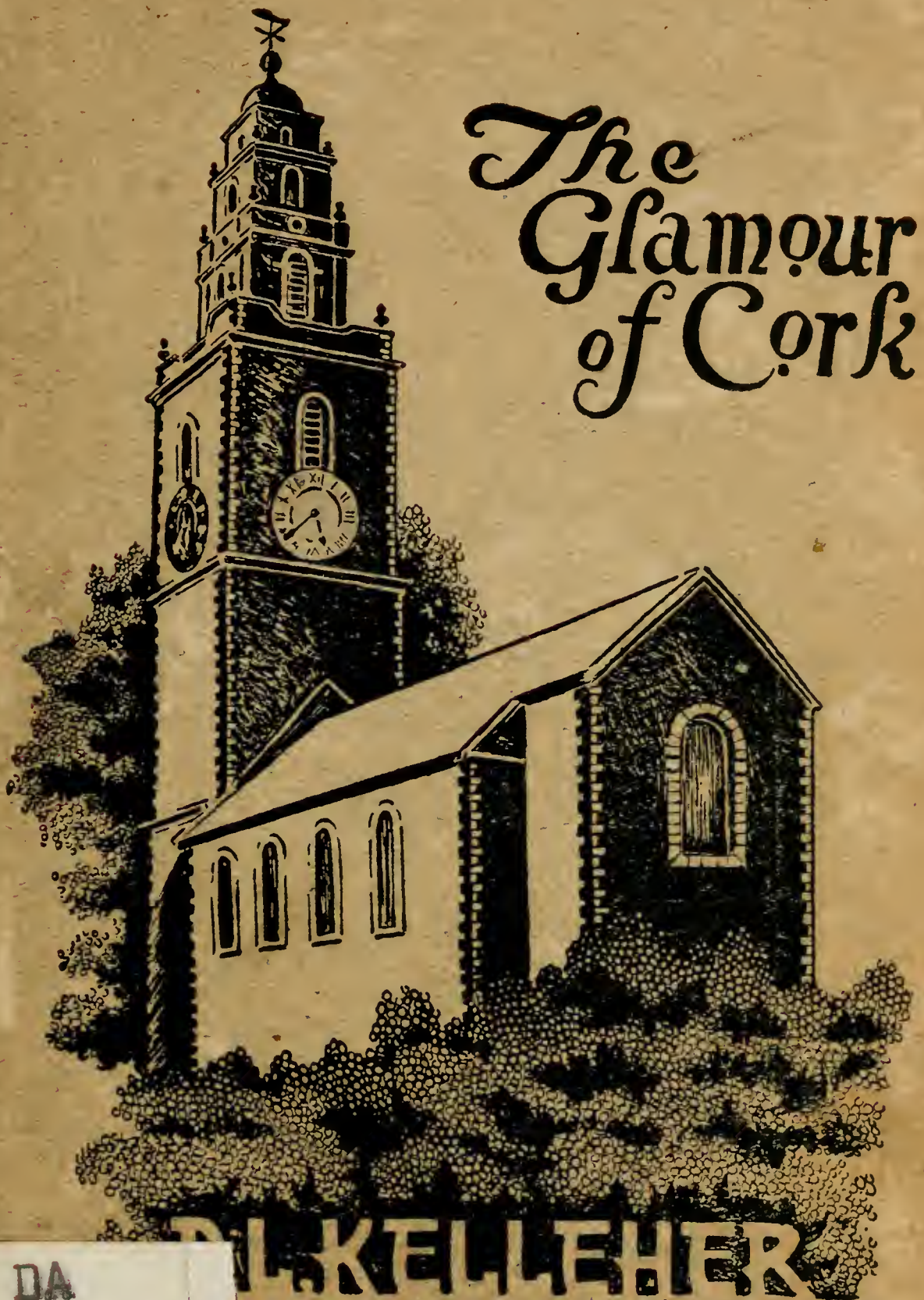


The Glamour of Cork



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The Glamour of Cork

THE GLAMOUR OF · CORK

By D. L. KELLEHER *ZW*



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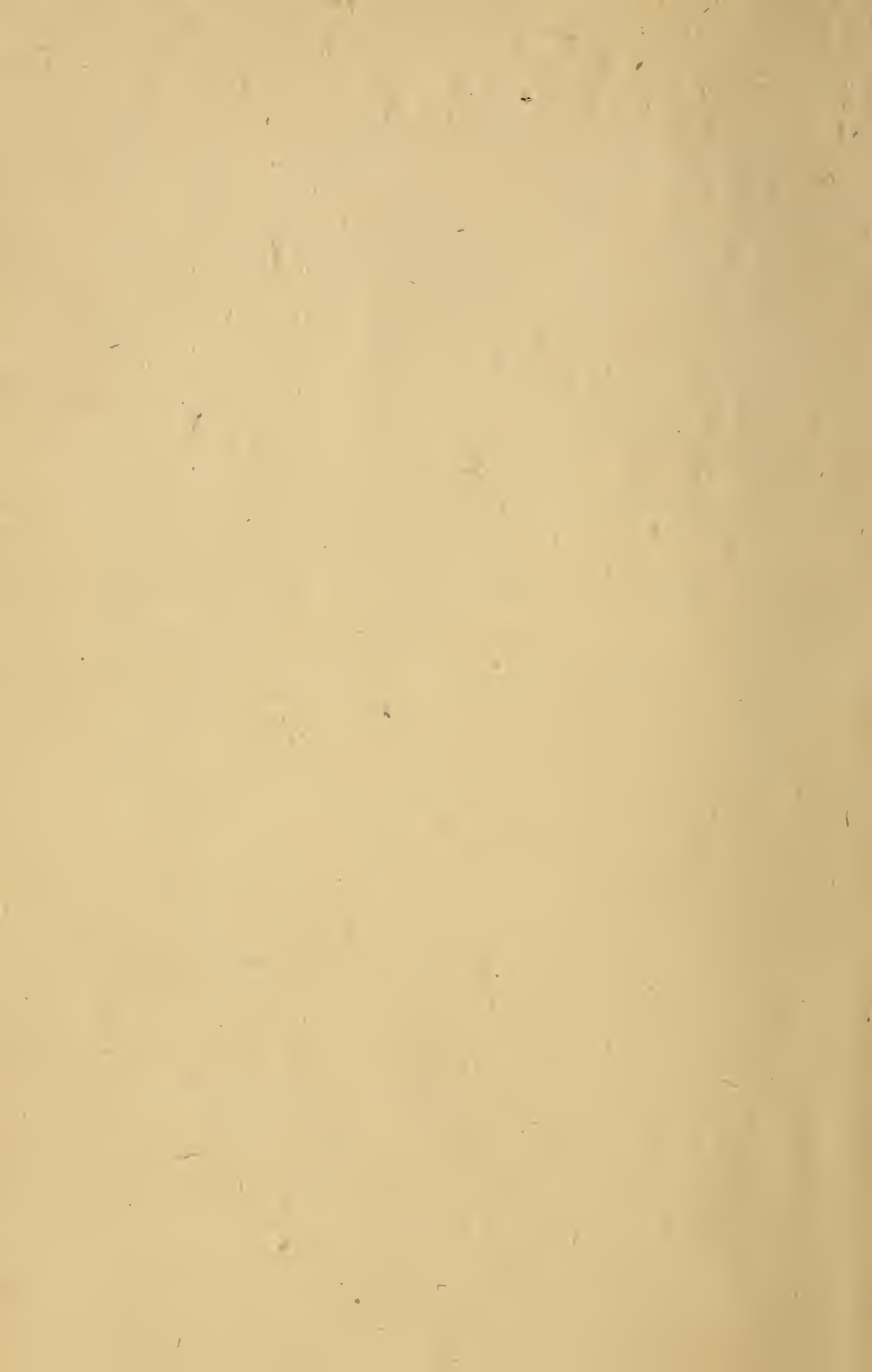
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A FOREWORD.



WO facts, especially, condition the history of Cork : its climate and its situation. The mild and languorous air and the excessive moisture in the valley make sustained effort often very difficult; unconsciously one loses faith a little in achievement, out of which, logically, there may grow a certain attitude either of derisive cynicism or of gentle acquiescence. Any invader, while the energy of other places was in him, could rush the town incapable of sustained defence, too, by reason of its commanding hills. So the Danes raided it repeatedly, and the Anglo-Normans stormed it in 1172 and have never entirely let go. Nor can one believe that the Irish really meant to re-take the place, for even in 1261, when the Desmond country all round it was recovered by the MacCarthys, Cork still held for the invader.

And ever since that time on to Catholic Emancipation, if not later, the fused Danish

and Anglo-Norman upper classes and bourgeoisie have kept it uniquely attached to the British connection. So that, however much the Catholic merchants were persecuted there in Henry VIII.'s and Elizabeth's day, some compensation was offered by way of grants from these cute sovereigns for fines and punishments imposed by their governors upon the Catholics for conscience sake. In no sense then "rebel," as Dublin and Limerick have often been, Cork has developed a highly individualistic life of her own, dominated still by laws of caste and local attitudes such as in the past forbade the marriage of any within the walls with those outside, inventing or following unorthodox political causes as when long ago the inhabitants declared for and against Tudor or Stuart Governments according as they were taxed, or for the sake of their city dignity rather than that of the country as a whole.

Thus, explosively enthusiastic, cynically indifferent, vowing, forgetting, ribald and

reverent by turns, the pageant passes; saints and "smart boys," heroes and "gladiaterers," Samaritans and snobs, all in the story of Cork within the "spreading Lee," a city that however condemned, how much dissected, must for its surpassing beauty of hill and river return to favour like a lovely, cunning, evasive, compelling woman, at the end.

So to your place, reader, while the limes burn!

The Glamour of Cork

BEFORE THE GLACIERS COME.

THE fish on Shandon alive and swimming off gaily to Sunday's Well; St. Luke's Church "full fathom nine" under the flowing stream; Blackrock Castle itself too deep for any worm to find; Monkstown, for all its beauty, as yet undreamed; and, at last, out there three miles or so past Roche's Point that Lee River sparkling as it meets the sea! Oh world, oh life, oh time, what charmers these geologists be; who now with stratum and fossil and "shaft" can prove this aerial Lee in pre-glacial days of the infinite years B.C.!

AN AVALANCHE AT THE KERRY PIKE.

SNOW falling nightly in the valleys, ice upon the uplands of Montenotte, and Carrigaline—a beautiful hour indeed in the history of beautiful Cork. But none yet save the “angels of God” or Alastor himself to look upon the scene. Wonderful silent Cork, save for those snow-flakes tinkling down “like bells of muffled silver in the breeze.” More wonderful out Carrigrohane way with the big glacier towering up, peace, utter peace, but for the plunge of a rare avalanche over the Kerry Pike, or the creak of the glacier cable when the infinite tonnage moves to sea.

AS THE GLACIERS GO.

By Glanmire bend a whitethorn throws its first foam as a lark swings song all round and over it, like a boy with incense at the altar : on the hill above Douglas a flower opens and stretches and stands beautiful and still, like someone waking to a day when he shall be loved ; from Silverspring the water dances for the sun, gayer than a girl who dreams life eternal when first she is admired ; oh rapture ! rapture now. The night is passed. The new green fields return ; new valleys, hills, sweet waterfalls—earth ! earth ! and Ireland born !

THE VICTORIA HOTEL.

PARNELL.

LOOSE-LAYERED with stones, ill-lit by the green gaunt gaslamps, crack-flagged on the foot-path, old Patrick Street is packed with people ere eight o'clock strikes. Ten bands, a score of tar-barrels, a thousand torches—a night for Victor Hugo to rave through, or Dickens, hatless in the midst. Round the *Examiner* Office, the crowd sways as a tired torch-bearer staggers, or a bandsman digs his way through into Falkener's Lane. By Marlboro' Street corner, a mass-mcan indicates that fifty or sixty are crushed and must cry out. Another cry, pain, terror and ribald delight mixed is heard whenever a torch drips pitch upon a neighbour's hand. But, suddenly, all eyes burn to the window over the bookshop. An alderman thrusts out his head and shoulders. There is that overwrought attention that implies a greater figure to follow—hooray! There he is!—God love him! Till the crowd, their faces torch-lit, all a bubbling cauldron underneath, rises, seems to boil up, tosses and roars. He looks down upon it, waiting, unimaginative, a calculator, his phrases cut well beforehand, no disorder or ecstasy induced in him by this heart-surge below. He is tall, bearded, deadly-pale, distinguished-looking, a "gentle-

man." The cheers rattle and roar, for minutes he cannot speak. With the cool accuracy of a mathematician he knows how much each added hooray means now for the success of his scheme. At last, there is silence—the complete unbreathing awe of wonder, love, idolatry. He stands erect, no emotion betrayed, then slowly, oratorically he recites, "Citizens of Cork, this is the night before the battle. To your guns then!" That is the god, the oracular voice! Little more is heard, for there is a singing in their ears, a roaring in their blood. This cannon-shot rhetoric can swiftest achieve the mastery in the quick-silver town! So next day Charles Stuart Parnell is elected head of the poll, a triumph remembering how, ten days before, he had been stoned at Enniscorthy, and how at Cork now the Whigs, the Bishop and the *Cork Examiner* with all their forces are against him and his policy.

PATRICK STREET.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A GREEN-COLOURED carriage and pair drives in from Blackpool and over the Bridge. In it Sir Walter Scott, a big, robust, red-cheeked, lame-legged man, very grey; in the corner, beside him, Maria Edgeworth, tiny, plain, all brains and no beauty, too sensitive about it ever to be photographed, third on the seat, Captain Scott of the Hussars, a youth quartered at Dublin; opposite them Miss Scott, pretty, 22, and Mr. Lockhart, her sister's husband, a tall manly fellow with masses of glossy black hair, the cut of an actor. Sir Walter is quizzical, talks of visiting Blarney. Lockhart is disappointed, says so, "The place is dirty, by no manner of means up to my expectations"—a pessimist, Lockhart the Newcastle-on-Tyner appalled at the absence of geometry here. The costumes of the women and their ease claim Miss Scott; Miss Edgeworth is the perfect bland, does not trouble! So Scott in his mouse-grey trousers, spats and cutaway coat steps out, the others following; a sandwich and a cider are swallowed; the barouche is fetched for Blarney, and they are off to kiss the stone. Meantime Sunday's Well has heard it, St. Lukes rouses from its afterbreakfast restraint. The Marsh rises in alarm! "What!

Sir Walter Scott, the famous writer, in town? Put on your hat, Julia, and run! Tom, get out of bed, I tell you, and don't mind the sick-pay! Oh glory be to God, an' we'll never be in time!" Until they all are thronging up and down outside the hotel, the Marsh jostling rudely round the door, Sunday's Well and St. Lukes preening and pouting a little on the distant curbstone, for inquisitiveness become so democratised! And then, "Gone to Blarney, yerra, he is! Oh, law, 'tis easy to amuse him after all!"—the proletarians turning on the traditional cold tap, and "He wouldn't look at the New Wall! the Old Show! And I to leave my housework behind for such a suck in!" Until, at last, "Here they're back, look, again!" and, "Who's that one in the corner, though? Isn't she very small entirely?" and, "I wouldn't think much of that hat, would you, Lizzie Ann?" So the party step down and into their hotel. The crowd breaks and forgets.

79, PATRICK STREET.

DANIEL MACLISE.

THERE is a lump in his throat every now and then as his heart leaps. This is a great adventure—a boy's dream of delight, mystery, achievement about it. And for the first time in any boy's life almost the dream comes true. So he hides in the back room of the shop at 79, Patrick Street, the Guy's of our own time. It is a fine shop for its day, "books and all educational appliances" as the advertisement runs, the air of Queen Anne and the Coffee House *sans* coffee about its homely, lounging mantel-piece and chairs. So the boy, fine and tall, and very handsome for his fourteen-and-a-half years, looks a picture himself as his eyes sparkle with excitement and he plays his fingers in and out of his lovely curling hair. The proprietor, one Bolster, the "Cork Screw," who likes to encourage local poets in his magazine but forgets to pay, fidgets and peeps through the window into the street. For Walter Scott has promised to drop in after breakfast, with Miss Edgeworth, immortality here surely for 79! And there he is! up to time and genial, while Bolster pours out reverence, and the boy, sheltered at the corner of a bookcase, sketches furiously, unobserved. So Daniel Maclise, the Sheares

Street poor shoemaker's son, races home with his three lightning sketches, sits up all night in the little back parlour of the small house opposite Woodford Bourne's, the finished drawing is back early next day to Bolster, with the portrait and his beating heart! They put the picture in the window, Scott returns, is surprised and enchanted, calls for the artist, beams upon him, signs his sketch. The flying fame is loose; in six months boy Maclise has a studio at the Patrick Street corner of Prince's Street. Soon he is heard of at London, travels thither, rises to the heights, refuses, philosopher passing painter, the Presidency of the Royal Academy, keeps house for his parents and sisters, escapes slander, dies renowned, the lad who excelled at the Cork gymnasium, who loved to row on summer evenings past old Blackrock, whose colours and memories he treasured and longed for often, when from fear of sea-sickness he had left his native town unvisited many a year.

PATRICK'S BRIDGE.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S HONEYMOON.

THE little bride has been pleased, delighted even, by the Killarney scenery. But at Cork she is tired. The heavy hot-bath July air, the travelling she has done, the shock of dreams abandoned—these things have been too much for her. For at 39 a woman of pride and great intellect, surrendering to a homely lover, will make bitter comparisons, remembering how her proud passionate hopes have come to nought. So she is preoccupied often, even during these days at Cork: perhaps it was foolish to have made the choice, perhaps not! At best it would be protection, companionship, at worst—well, he would always be faithful, fatherly. These to a woman are compelling; but there is something more. So she keeps thinking and forgetting, the latter in a half-resolute way; Heger at Brussels, beautiful Brussels, so beautiful—and the ruin of her heart! Till they are up to the Bridge for the view of Shandon and St. Mary's and the sun in evening silver behind; an attractive couple, the man with rich dark hair and beard, medium-sized with the loveliest skin, plump and golden-ruddy colour, and such warm round fingers and half-liquid eyes as would make you guess how sensitive he is, how easily

they can fill with tears for another's troubles. And his wife so frail, a nice face though without any beauty, her feet and hands more like a bird's than a woman's; the touch of the grave is in her, all snowflake and flutter as she is. For it is only her mind that is the powerful resisting part of her; as indeed you would know by the history of her courtship. For at Christmas, 1852, she had refused his proposal, in May, 1853, she had bid him good-bye "for ever"—oh feeble "for ever" that has no permanent currency in the affairs of love! Till in April, 1854, it all is made up. So they are at Cork turning back from the Bridge for tea at their lodgings on July 24th, the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, late curate at Haworth, Yorks, and his wife, Charlotte Brontë that was. And farewell, lovers, again, a long farewell! For, in eight months only, in that lonely moorland parsonage at Haworth once more, made lonelier for its memories of her youth and her torturing hours, a wind blows over her and she fades away, hardly the consistency of a snowdrop at all in her body, bloodless and bleached so soon for death.

BY PATRICK'S BRIDGE.

JAMES BARRY, R.A.

"HE'S a regular torment, I declare—he sits up all night in that room above and I'm afraid of my life he'll burn the house."

"Yeh, too clever he is, ma'am, but you'd be fond of him all through."

"Wisha, 'tis only afraid I am the poor child 'll ruin his health."

"God send he'll be a grand man yet!"

So Mrs. Barry talks over the counter. For the building-business has failed on them, and her husband has gone away to sea as captain of a little schooner between Cork and Wales, while she opens a public-house near the Bridge herself. The "torment of a boy" has tried a spell of the sea too with his father, but he repents and runs ashore to bewilder and enchant his mother again with his chalks and his ways that mark him off and make him dearer than all other boys in the town. For, "Glory be to goodness! he can draw anything at all, and he'll make the most beautiful figures and faces on the floor; and you can't put a new suit on him, he loves the old clothes so much, and nothing will get him to go playing with other boys, only he'll be always coming into the shop to be watching the men and hearing their talk." So his mother,

devout Catholic, as her husband is honest Protestant, introduces James to a couple of priest friends who encourage his inquiring mind, though indeed for his art he must battle alone, Cork then as now a narrow provincial place in its outlook on aesthetics in practise in its midst. A kind of local bigotry calculated, as in the case of James Barry, to drive the artist to extremes of defiance. Thus the lad, at 15, will paint Aeneas, and Absalom's sacrifice, and Daniel amid the lions—this latter a plea perhaps for his own daring! And soon, with his early acquired luminous vocabulary, he will startle gentle folk in Dublin and *via* London will reach Rome, working like a bee everywhere, and stinging too! Until returning to London for six years "on a diet of bread and apples" he will devote himself to the unsalaried task of painting the walls of the Society of Arts there, "the greatest enthusiast for painting ever produced," Alan Cunningham's description of him. And moved by the astounding idealist—he offers to decorate St. Paul's Cathedral without fee too—the Academy will elect him to a chair and a Fellowship, from which soon again, stung by his satires on their "nepotism and reactionary ways" they will expel him;

until, at 55, pock-marked, a small shrunken fellow, he will collapse near Piccadilly Circus and be brought uncomplaining to his unfurnished house off Oxford Street, there, with every window broken, to be anointed by a bishop and to die as he had lived, a fervent Catholic, the most fearless, erratic, unmanageable genius that the "rebel" city ever yet has produced.

BLESSED THADDEUS MACCARTHY.

THE high Alps, snow-covered, take on, at sunset in Autumn time, such colours and blends as are to be conveyed only in music, or stored in the secret heart. Pathos and longing in the deep blue auras, magic in the silver slides passing in and out of the lanterns of moon and stars, peace and rest in the purple flowing down like a shawl to cover the beloved breasts of hills; until in the dark from the folded world rise, like breathings of children, turnings in sleep, little sighs and cries, the springs and streams of the lower levels, unfrozen as yet and running on to the Mediterranean with word of the hills and how beautiful they are in their sleep, and how holy this work is of handmaiden to them. So poetry steals out of every thought, such poetry as must have touched his heart. For look at him there, a pilgrim dragging himself on to the Italian gate of the Alps. A young man, 37 or so, but broken in all things save of God. Night is falling as he reaches Ivrea and enters the cathedral. He prays for strength to persevere, for now his heart lifts with an agonising hope. There, up in the valley of Aosta, opens out the fan of snows about the great St. Bernard, from whose heights—oh, God, if only he can reach them!—the

hills will be visible rolling down to the West and Ireland that he craves for. So he is shaken and exalted by the thousand thoughts, the folly of his adventure, the anguish for home, the phantoms that begin to rise of kinsmen clustering round him at the gates of Cork. "Welcome, welcome back——." But look! How white he turns! The night grows harder with nipping cold, his blood congeals, his skin tingles and is stung, the nails of the coffin rivetting in—so his mind wandering begins to vision it. He staggers to a gate—it is a mile beyond Ivrea on the Aosta Road—the hospice of St. Antonio—they admit him; another rover; pilgrims are frequent, not always to be trusted. He flounders to a bed in the common ward; neglected, scorned maybe. Vespers ring out. The Brothers are at prayer; the pilgrim gives a little gasp on the floor. Suddenly the mountains topple down, the torrents run living gold, lapis lazuli and silver reef across the peaks, avalanches leap and clash like cymbals. An old feeble fellow stretched near by cries out for help:—"That one there—the stranger! He is all on fire!" And the bell clangs the brethren round, and they fall upon their knees, breathless and humbled, till the phosphorescence passes from the face and

hair of the departed. Oh, Mary and Joseph !
a saint and of noble birth ! For look what is
here and they searching his coarse pilgrim
clothes ! A bishop's ring and the scrip from
the Pope himself ! And the poor man, so
holy and good, and he walking and begging
his way from Rome ! Fling wide your gates,
O Cork, and bid his spirit enter. For this
Thaddeus of the royal MacCarthys is such a
light of humility and faith as must outshine
us all !

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

“THE drawing-room? Very well — you needn’t mind. I’ll go in and find him myself.” The little flushed, grey-haired priest pushes past the boots and turns into the room on the left of the entrance hall in the Imperial Hotel, Pembroke Street. He is confident he will recognise his friend from the pictures of him by Maclise and others he has seen. And though he is a little shy about the intrusion he is too good-natured and humanly inquisitive to be turned back now. The stranger is meditative in a corner armchair as he enters. He seems half-lion, half-spaniel as Father O’Shea draws near. This is an early visitor for the long-haired fellow has only reached Cork this very evening from Chelsea. He has taken a chop and a rusk, spare diet for a stomach overloaded, it must be, with big words and “prophetic ulcers.” In a turn along Patrick Street he has gone as far as the Bridge, joining a group about a ballad-singer there until the soft mild rain our “faithful asperges” begins to sprinkle the dear old aqueous town. So Thomas Carlyle takes cover in his hotel and Father O’Shea of St. Patrick’s enters his pent-house. Yes, he remembers quite well how two people, the American, Emerson, and

the Cork priest, Father O'Shea, had written to the editor of *Fraser's* fifteen years ago in praise of *Sartor*, then annoying most of the critics of the hour. Sage and snarler he can dissolve to a smile in the exuberant welcome of his priest-friend here. And next day, sitting on the paddle-box of the Crosshaven steamer, his heart and his liver will be in the better of his uproarious company. "Kind Father O'Shea, courteous, good everyway, a true gentleman and priest," emphatic approval that from the phrase-tost philosopher. So that for his soul and liver's sake one regrets that he did not come oftener to the laughing people of "Old Cork, beside the Lee."

DAUNT'S SQUARE.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

DR. AIKENHEAD'S again; the most hospitable house in town, here at the corner of Daunt's Square; the doctor always glad to see a friend, especially this Sunday at dinner-time in Spring, 1798. So now a pleasant little party talking business, banter, gossip of ships tied up at the wharf near Drawbridge Street, the latest tyranny of the Sheriff who whips "rebels" at the cart's tail. In the shop busy always with leeches and blistering pastes and the boluses of the Beecham's of that day the two apprentices, merry country-fellows, are faithful, "in the know." For this party upstairs now are all of them enrolled—the doctor himself even—or, certainly he is a well-wisher to be trusted to the full. So the dinner begins, the courses good; Cork slaughters the finest meat in the world, a hundred thousand beasts a year for export alone, the sweetest mutton, mountain or plain-fed—this joint now melting in your mouth—the talk flowing with the fine claret, gallons of that everywhere too so easy and cheap is the trade with France. So the Quaker gentleman—at least to judge by his dress—is the centre of attention, the host himself a Quaker too deferring in all things to his favourite guest. The talk is cryptic, a

good deal of staccato and sign when they come to certain points. His wife—how does she bear this anxiety now, this fear of her husband taken at last by the spies? Until the heel-click of a squad rings round the corner of Castle Street. The company rises. "Go out at the back, through the landing," the doctor whispers, pushing the other "Quaker" that way. Then with his coolest professional manner he is ready for this man who has rushed up the stairs. The Sheriff—ah! "The Rebel lord? No!—we were dining—you know my friends here?—perhaps you will take a glass of wine with us?" So the doctor! But the Sheriff pokes behind the fire-screen, jabs his stick under the big ottoman, then takes breath, blusteringly impudent. "He was seen coming in here! I warn you!" "Warn me? Why that's not so bad as whipping at any rate, Sheriff." The Sheriff stumbling downstairs scatters his men. Soon they have a clue: The runaway is on the road to Blackrock. But he has a good start. Will he win? God send it! There he is stepping into a fisherman's boat near the castle, a radiant man, 5 feet 7 inches with dark-brown hair, grey sparkling eyes, wonderfully arched brows, delicate hands and lips motioning tenderness whenever they speak.

Oh, thank God, he is across, and away on now by road past Tivoli, and swiftly to Sunday's Well to shelter again at the United Irishmen's cottage, "Jemappes" — Lord Edward Fitzgerald "on the run" as many another whose heart rains roses down the lengthening years.

GRAFTON'S ALLEY.

SARSFIELD.

It is a couple of days or so since the defeat at Limerick. But, thank God, his soldiers play well their part. Eleven thousand elect for exile and only two thousand accept favour from Ginkle's side. So for many days their commander has watched his gallant fellows sail out the Shannon and thus to France. Until only a small force, four thousand perhaps, remain for the march to Cork and the transport guaranteed by Treaty there. And as they set off cutting across the line that O'Sullivan Beare had taken in that other retreat, it is well that they do not know what lies that Treaty will prove to be, utter lies even to the loose and inefficient embarkation arrangements at Cork.

At their head rides Sarsfield himself, six feet tall, square and strong in the saddle; behind him is O'Connor of Offaly, about to achieve military glory and a fascinating wife in France. At last they reach the little swamp-ringed city, cranes pensive in Patrick Street, wild duck and water-rats along the line of the South Mall. They make their way out of the walled town and over the stepping-stones and dead wood to see Grafton's Alley where the Duke was killed in Marlboro's

siege a year before. O'Connor is glad that they are to sail away from this place; "a mean town compared with Limerick" he calls it. Their weary soldiers drift in and out of the southern suburb beyond Sullivan's Quay, the Irish town where "unregenerate Celts" can in fellow-feeling welcome the fugitives. Until now it is time for parting again. Sarsfield is on his way to superintend the sailing from the Lower Road. Suddenly, however, there is a sound as of cannon. O'Connor stops and clutches the General by the shoulder. This tragedy, fury, Erinmys, whatever it is, seems over their high and noble cause. The first shipload of the poor, footsore, faithful, daring fellows has been blown up at the wharf. For these five hundred, at least, there will be no revenge and wild cries of "Ireland! Ireland!" as they charge down the lines at Ramillies!

THE PATRIOT MOTHERS.

SOUTH MALL.

WHEN Catherine O'Mullane came into Cork in her horse and car from Whitechurch on a week-day she had few visits to pay. For she was a retiring woman, the daughter of a "strong" farmer, striking enough if you knew her, far-seeing, circumspect, restrained. So when she had done her round of shopping and paid her "visit to the chapel" she would take a quiet walk along the Mall with the stream of water stagnating down the middle of it; just to have a look at the city people taking their pleasure, and the beaux in coloured vests and top-boots greeting the belles of the hour. And sometimes, too, she would stop a piece to have a look at a child, or a mother, especially one little woman who had caught her eye. Such a good mother she looked, and oh, such a delicate little child! Well-known too if you were to judge by the number of people who salute her kindly. So that, once or twice, Catherine Mullane was going to stop: "I declare, I was longing to talk to her she looked so nice!" But time flies and now it is 1770 and they are packing up in their home in Washington Street for the journey, three days or more to Dublin in the North, the mother, especially, glad to leave

Cork now that so many of her babies have died, the father Dr. Robert Emmett, a handsome fellow who writes verse after his day's visits are done, just appointed physician to the Lord Lieutenant. So Catherine Mullane misses her silent friend from the South Mall and wonders how she is getting on with her children in the big city above. Till, soon, she has a son herself, one Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, who shall stand amid giants and shall be as renowned, though hardly as beloved, as this other boy, Robert Emmett, whose mother used to walk out in the Mall in her golden prime.

BEAMISH'S BREWERY.

TOM MOORE.

A BROWN frock coat, yellow "cassimere" vest, grey duck trousers, blue loose silk neck-cloth, fastened with a silver pin, white hat, yellow gloves, Wellingtons, blue silk umbrella, "making game" of things all the time, a little "devil and dandy" of a man, infinitely entertaining to the ladies, able to crack a subtle joke with the men too! The Dublin publican's son has shot the rapids of London society, and here he is into Cork with his rainbow body and soul in the company of his friends the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne. And up to Beamish's they go, no less, and a pint for everybody! So that Tommy, the poet, breaks out quoting Keats over his Cork porter, as rich and sparkling as Spanish wine, when you are trained to the tang of it! And off they go then, marquis, melodist and all, aboard ship to tour the harbour and talk over poor Sarah Curran whose story has fascinated Moore into song.

DEAN STREET.

BISHOP BERKLEY.

HIS "town house" is in Dean Street, Cork, now; for his desires have grown less, he is a little overwhelmed and wants only peace. At fifty when he takes over the Bishopric of Cloyne he is still a tall, powerful man despite his adventure in the Bermudas. And what wiser cure than here beside the round tower in his myrtle-shaded house at Cloyne, varied with an occasional sojourn at the wild cosmopolis of Cork. So with his handful of worshippers he has leisure to taste the charms of his wide diocese that spreads west to Cork harbour, east to the Blackwater and north almost to the "fair green hills of Limerick." No wonder he writes to his friend Pope so contentedly now as almost to charm the hunchback out of Twickenham for envy at the story. And no wonder too that, lapped in leisure, the good bishop's wisdom should run to Solomon's overplus as you might see by the fervour with which he begins to preach, not theology but tar-water, the universal specific for which he sets up a little factory within its myrtle-grove, rivalling Beecham and Mother Siegel herself long before later generations were charmed to longevity by these immortal discoveries.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

JOHN MITCHEL.

THE Opera House is packed to-night, February 26th, 1875; the audience by turns breathless, surging, whistling and chaffing. The pit is crowded with people from the shops; men who another time would not have the social courage to confront Montenotte pour now into the circle and the boxes. There are boys everywhere, the great clan-calling boys who are in every Cork crush. To-night clearly it is no common show, no acted adventure. There are love here and gratitude; and torrents of passion ready to burst. So a curious re-shuffling, a personal uneasiness begins to go along the rows as the appointed hour is passed. "Something has happened to him maybe? The poor man!" A deputation is sent to his lodging at Sunday's Well. He is on a sofa, hardly able to sit up. But the old courage rouses in him at the tender voices of the men. He rises, staggers to the car, they drive down. The curtain is up. There is a roar of hysterical cheers, too loud, too long continued; the false greeting that will prove they do not fear but he will be well instantly again! But the gallant fellow, how sadly he is changed! Sixty years only, and a ghost! Many a one remembers him at forty

with his dark flowing hair creased on the right side, a coil of it like a turban brushed down over his left ear, his drooped moustache, his little beard, a figure half Edgar Allan Poe and Captain Mayne Reid. And now he is bleached like an old shell; too feeble to stand, he will read his address seated. But the effort is vain, for in a minute or so he sinks down heavily, faints, is helped off, and away back to Sunday's Well and so home to Newry where in a few weeks, he is dead; John Mitchel, orator and outlaw, pioneer, who has come back from America to contest the Tipperary election and has uttered this famous prophecy to the electors there:—"I will not trade upon you, I will not be found haunting the doors of ministers, pressing them to give little offices and places to the relatives of my constituents. I do not say, recollect, that I am going to Westminster at all. I have not pledged myself to that effect."

ST. MARIE'S OF THE ISLE.

EARL OF MARCH.

THE whole monastery is in movement, prayers are said late into the night. The Prior, Sub-Prior, Novice Master are met together; the others meeting keep their voices to a whisper. Outside the gates are pushed to very gently so that they may not creak. In the kitchen the rivalries of the cooks are suspended to looks only. For a litter has just been brought in, he has been taken to the Prior's own cell, cushions and blankets laid, such as await the highest guests. Then the physicians are summoned from the walled town; the guard is doubled so that none of the "wild Irish" from Gill Abbey may go noisily by. But he sinks, for all their care, unable further to resist the fog and damp of these Munster marshes. So he is anointed two days after Christmas, 1381, and passes away just thirty years of age. No wonder the brothers are thrilled by such a lofty exit; for this is Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a fellow of splendid physique who has been a personal enemy of John of Gaunt, has rubbed shoulders with the Black Prince, and William of Wykeham, is married to a descendant of an Ulster de Burgh, crossed with English royalty, out of which union children have been born whose rivalries will

set in motion the Wars of the Roses. So here abruptly at Cork he has finished his vicarious career, cut off in the midst of that punitive expedition on which he was engaged working down upon us from the North, with occasional treacheries in the imperial mode. Until crossing the Blackwater a rigor took him and stiffened him for the nice linen-lined oak box, his last mansion, borne now on men's shoulders away from St. Mary's of the Isle at Xmas, 1381.

THE COURTHOUSE.

LORD MACAULAY.

THIS is the most brilliant automaton of his age, a fellow all memory and clockwork of quotation, running well without friction but with the unprincipled ease of a machine, a genius assuming the philosopher and historian, and producing lightning judgments, wrong and rapid but always interesting, whether he writes of "Romish" Ireland or of that "schoolgirl" who is herself step-daughter to the lamented Munchausen. Leaving London now he will read in the train between Euston and Bangor the "Lives" of half of the Roman Emperors and aboard the boat he will repeat to himself five books of "Paradise Lost" as he sits tucked up on deck scorning the rough sea until the lights of Dublin shine and he steps ashore to shoot his first arrow at the Metropolis, "City of raving Orangemen and raving Repealers!" After which *via* Killarney with its "almost sensual beauty" he is at last into Cork pausing in Washington Street by the new Court House, "A portico that would have done honour to Palladio."

And so exit again to weigh us up and kill us with phrases when he returns to London and resumes the secret life, playing with his friends' children, walking little Miss Trevelyan

round about Clapham Common, and telling her tales of the jumping red berries of Killarney, and the bantering men he found in Cork. So leave him, short, stout, a "tubby little man," with the big forehead, the half-shaved face, the touselled necktie, the fancy vest, full of Cork tricks, a hater of invitations, a lover of his own ego, with "no time" for marriage since all his love is for "words, words, words," out of which his fame now, like far-off telephony, fritters steadily to "buzz—buzz—buzz."

NO. 1, COVE STREET.

FATHER MATHEW.

CARLYLE would not pass this man as a hero; one of the shallowest strokes of all his life. For when they proposed to hang a portrait of him in the Portrait Gallery, London, the sage wrote demurring; the priest had extracted a mere passing pledge, a hysterical resolution, the Celt's prerogative, broken when the pledger had walked to the next cross-road. But the Trustees disagreed and the portrait was hung. And now consider the case: here is Ireland of the early nineteenth century; no house is complete without the whiskey-jar, none the full "gentleman" till he has learned to sleep under the table. You will read in all contemporary books of Cork Porter, Dublin Stout, Galway Whiskey. Till, in the thirsty heresy, drunkenness becomes the badge of our tribe. Some feel the shame and the pity of it, especially here in Cork. And one night at No. 1, Cove Street, an animated argument ensues. Martin the Quaker, Dowden the Unitarian, Dunscombe the Episcopalian, a clergyman, are urging and pleading till the fourth, a priest, rises, stretches out his hand and—"Here goes in the name of God." So these godly, patriot men are in great joy that the Capuchin will lead the crusade. Them-

selves, they have been preaching and organising for a long while, but they lack the magnetism, and only this Father Mathew can crown their deeds. So here they are on the following night at the Horse Bazaar, Mary Street, Mathew, the first speaker, well built, with dark shining hair, a Roman nose and a sculptor's mouth and chin.

The note of personal appeal is immediate—besides he is known and loved for the poor school he has started and the charity he has given these years since expelled from Maynooth, he joined the Capuchins at Dublin and came to Cork. So, in a short while, cavalry must keep the streets for him because of the multitudes that rally to the cause. Protestants join to honour him; at Dublin a group of students invite him to Trinity College and sign the pledge there. They summon him to America where the Senate welcomes him, the first since Lafayette, within the bar of the House. And so he returns to end his days quietly at Cove and to be honoured thereafter as much for his sweetness as for the national service he did to Ireland and to her fair name across the world.

ELIZABETH FARREN.

WASHINGTON STREET.

DR. GEORGE FARREN, of Washington Street (Great George's Street that was) is getting terribly uneasy, fidgety in himself---something will happen to him if he doesn't get out of this place! So up go the shutters, the apothecary will open for the sale of pills and ointment no more. This farce of prescribing at random, the exploratory and the experimental practise of the day---away with it once and for all! So they pack up---the foolish man---to the tears, jeers and entreaties of the neighbours.

His poor wife, and she with her young family, oh some men are trials, surely indeed! And off to England they are, the whole seven of them, poor dear children, dragged from place to place as their father turns actor, vaudevillist, anything at all, so long as it means movement and the stage; taking to drink heavily now too and staggering on, many a night, to the delight of the ribald village audience. Till this little sylph of a daughter, with lips for favour, and eyes of young winds and waves, a wisp of a creature, a nerve at every pore, receptive, heroic, plays the drum outside the booth and bad men recover their innocence a moment as they pass; a picture

for Pope or Francis Thompson, too elusive for prose. But soon the doctor has drunk himself out, poor soul, and when they have buried him the sylph and her sister must take small parts in less reputable shows. Though the angels are hovering with wings spread against any withering air. And so Lizzie Farren, the fairy that beat upon a drum with her heart when she struck with the stick, now but 18, is at the Haymarket, London, famed and fêted. And, in a short while, playing at private theatricals in Whitehall, the fat, slobbery, Earl of Derby begins his siege. He is married and does not love his wife, a daughter of one of the "beautiful Gunnings." And for eighteen years he pursues Miss Farren who as tactfully fences him back. So that the spectacle of the panting, asthmatic earl trying to keep pace with the sylph as she walks scorning him all the way from Drury Lane to Grosvenor Square is the jest, though not quite the scandal of the town. For like Elizabeth O'Neill, Miss Farren fulfilled an Irish tradition and kept her fame unscathed. And when at 35 she married the Earl of Derby, a widower some months, her father somewhere between Washington Street and Valhalla must have smiled contentedly on it all.

CHRIST CHURCH.

SPENSER'S WEDDING.

THE wedding anthem sways down like foliage from the choir gallery; the procession moves from the altar, a white flower at its head in the bride herself. So that now, to his eyes and ears the whole church trembles to a tree-top and in the boys' voices, larks and thrushes "lave their mouths with May." For such is the miracle of this sixth sense, *Love!* And so they are out through the porch of old Christ Church and to the water side (where now is the Grand Parade) as he helps her aboard the ribboned boat that, for a little, at least, they may have a Venetian wedding, the bubble-chimes breaking about the prow as if the bell-ringers of the coral deeps were making them greeting. The Lido pales away, and royal Baiae white with acolytes is dim to this as they step ashore and enter their house off the North Main Street of Cork in the Shakespeare day. Especially to him whose heart is all Hippocrene, oblivious how the springs shall grow turbid suddenly, then dry, and turn to acrid dust! For this is Edmund Spenser, Raleigh's intimate, Elizabeth's flatterer, lord of Kilcolman, Sheriff of Cork, married now to Elizabeth Boyle from Youghal shore whom he courted out by the Point there as the wind

took the silver sand and made a glory for her feet, himself beside her big handsome figure, five feet six, with the paint-brush beard, the close-cropped side whiskers, the half-Mephistophelian ears pricked up above the wide white ruff, an exquisite, irresolute half-lonely, mysterious man, hunted with fire and torture at last out of the lands he stole in the brave, ravishing days of Good Queen Bess.

THE SOUTH GATE.

PRINCE RUPERT.

THROUGH the slush of the limestone tracks and the sopping field-paths they are cantering past the Viaduct to town. The rain drifts in their eyes and ears, and that trolloping wind that lurches rather than blows now west now south as if itself too characterless to decide. A deadly day, with a kind of tunnel-vapour, over the puddles of St. Mary's of the Isle, and the swamps of the Grand Parade giving off fogs and gas. And so the foremost rider swears and shouts and wonders who dug this town out, and whether the natives of it are web-footed from so much floundering in the wet. For he is a man never beaten elsewhere by wind or enemy, always restless, planning, plotting, fighting; tall, nimble as a sprinter, dark-browed, Roman-nosed, a little curl on his upper lip as of conceit and courage such as no fear shall daunt, long hair flowing down over his blue hooded cloak, a dimple on his cheek as though cosy for a kiss.

For a good while he has been on the hustle now, starting early, in 1620, when he was only ten months old and his mother, the Queen of Bohemia, flew away with her infant, driven from her throne. Until they

have reached Holland where baby has time to grow up and join the Prince of Orange's army in Brabant; quitting it soon again however for the focus of all the filibusters in London, planning there a great scheme to become king of free-loving Madagascar, till mother begs him "not to be a fool." So he flashes back to Germany for another little war, spends three years in jail at Limburg Castle, makes eyes at the Governor's daughter, is released, and then *via* England, still flying, wild bird, hawk, and skylark mixed, to Holland a second time to declare for Charles, and in 1642, already commander-in-chief, fugitive again across a bean-field after Marston Moor! So maps out, swing the needle, off he goes! To St. Germain, next lap, and the exiled Stuart Court, indulging a little flutter on a year's campaigning with the French army between whiles. Until the rain! rain! rain! and January, 1649, and his fleet at Kinsale for the Stuarts again. Wherefore now this new Alexander, Prince Rupert his name, pestered with another fleet blockading him inside the old Head, rides in at the gate of Cork to beg food for his men most awkwardly cut off. And Cork feeds him and sends a convoy and blushes for pride. "The General! The General! His mother was a Queen!"

GILL ABBEY ROCK.

ST. MALACHY.

CHURCH and State were in dire distress when Celsus, on his deathbed in 1129, named Malachy, a young priest who had already restored Bangor, as his successor. This Celsus had been a model Archbishop of Armagh, although himself of the usurping family which scandalised Ireland by the seizure of the temporalities and the assumption of hieratic descent for fifteen generations. He had succeeded to the archdiocese at the age of twenty-seven and he had struggled hard with the forces of reaction and decay within the Church. But the time still was perilous at his death, for Dermot MacMurrough, the bull-souled bandit King of Leinster was loose, and with him chaos and internecine strife. Malachy had discipline, determination, restless energy. But, even so, his task is nearly impossible, especially when he cannot enter his city of Armagh for two years on account of this archbishop fainéant, self-elected, within the walls, such an "archbishop" too as is a keen business-man, to judge by the hard bargain he strikes with Malachy over the sale of the "Staff of Jesus."

The fame of the Saint's mortifications and his zeal had already reached Rome when

Malachy arrived on a visit to Innocent II., and that Pope descending from his throne put his own mitre on Malachy's head as a sign of his favour. So the Irish reformer is appointed legate in Latere and returns to Ireland, visiting St. Bernard at Clairvaux on the way. And here he is one day, haggard, clad as a humble monk, with his scant beard, pointed chin, and long slender neck, walking as is his wont all his journeys, now at the gates of Cork. There is a contest in the synod over the selection of bishop, pride jarring pride in the local clerics and chiefs. This Primate and Legate, the poorest-clad, humblest-looking man amongst them, rises and bids their rivalries be still. Let them summon hither a poor priest he names—"He is ill. Too feeble to come." Malachy waves the protest aside, assuming the prophet. "He shall come! Bid him!" The assembly shudders, is silent. A pale shining figure approaches. This passes belief, as Malachy leads him to the throne. So are the humble exalted and the proud cast down this day as Malachy passes out and away to die soon at Clairvaux, in St. Bernard's arms, the painter's, poet's, all men's ideal death.

THE WESTERN ROAD.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THERE is a great stir, especially in Blackpool and down the south side, on the evening of the 5th of October, 1843. The shopkeeping folk in Patrick Street and the villa-men up Montenotte are not, of course, very excited. They never have indulged the vulgar hysteria. But the shriek and rolling of fife and drum bands about seven o'clock shakes their dilute Irish blood a little all the same.

And when the musicians swing down from the Butter Exchange and famous Fair Lane the bourgeois drawing-windows rattle with the best. And no wonder this dancing delight should spread as the crowds pour along the Western Road and overflow into the fields about O'Neill Crowley Bridge, a big drum beating now and then like the heart of a thousand men, lost angels of boys whistling and crying along the edge of the crowds, until—look! a cloud of dust rises up towards Carrigrohane. Hooray! The horsemen have met the carriage that has been travelling all day from Cahirciveen. And take up the cheering now, yourself, as we all sway and eddy with the hour! For there he is! The human appeal is in his figure, the very shape to win the heart of a multitude; six feet high,

broad-shouldered, with a mouth of extraordinary refinement, like a young girl's or an old woman in her second radiance, his hair thick and clustering over his ears, a great coat and big loose muffler increasing the romantic appeal; a hero to answer all the immediate tests; showman, saint and father complete. Behold then, Daniel O'Connell who has smashed into the British parliamentary machine, has achieved Emancipation, has killed one and wounded several in duels, has spent his days in picturesque penances and emotional deeds, and has been crowned now by the *Times* newspaper as,

“Boundless liar, base detractor!

Nurse of murders, treason's factor.”

Here they will unyoke the horses and draw him along: but he protests. They must not be slaves; has he not won for them the status of free men? So hooray and hooray! as he triumphs on, cheer chasing cheer, “fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain” this lyrical mob. For soon, his own fault partly, for his denial of the rights of Trades Unionism and his wavering attitude towards the English Crown, he falls to be hooted through the streets of Dublin and hounded out of that Irish political world in which he had overstayed his brilliant hour.

GILL ABBEY.

ST. FINNBARR.

A TRAVELLER, a scholar, a gentleman—the phrase outworn, but it serves. Such is Finnbarr, the Connaughtman, whom we meet now. Businesslike, as a Saint should be, daring, original, ambitious, but with a difference. So at the end of his anchorite years at Gougane Barra and Cloyne he begins to grow anxious for men's eyes again. This Lee river, beautiful in its windings, a lily-chain when the moon shines down on it, is about his heart. He will settle there on the soft southern hill looking down over the little mud and wattle clusters of huts in the valley. The curlew and wild duck calling all night out of the reeds and from the swamps and pools studded with their 365 islands are companionable music to his ears. A few, gentler, more inquiring than the rest, climb up the hillside to hear of his new faith and affection; and the rumour spreads until even in Spain and France young men long to be on Gill Abbey Hill. And so, in a short while, the settlement spreads down the slope to the Lough and eastward almost to St. Mary's of the Isle, a church built and thatched, a round tower, the huts of the

students everywhere; already a university
destined to send forth saints and scholars
to give testimony of Learning and the Lord.

ST. FINNBARR'S.

ST. FURSEY.

THEY have brought his body from Cloyne where Colman has anointed him back now to his own church upon the hill. The silver coffin is laid before the altar and the crowds throng up to pray beside it; his students from their huts, the converted country people from about Gougane, priests and monks from all parts; and one especially that, like the dead Finnbarr, shall be remembered for an age. Though none save himself are conscious of an immediate miracle now as he kneels. Look then at him and he stock-still, hardly breathing, you would think, transfigured! The roof above his head has rolled away, a ladder of stars and sunshine let down over the cloud-tops and in gold and sapphire the angels descending to minister to his dream. For this is Fursey, Bishop of Ferns, come to pray by the body of Finnbarr and so soon communicant with the dead, Fursey the Saint to whom a King shall kneel in East Anglia and put off his crown, for whom Clovis the Second shall prostrate himself upon the Marne bank by Paris, and to whom an Emperor of Thuringia shall cry out for solace. A poor friar indeed, infinitely wise, to whose visional writings Dante himself may well

have gone for the idea of his "Paradiso,"
Fursey the sage whose two fine proverbs
should stand carved upon the walls of Cork
as of all provincial places :—

"The cure of pride is to denounce it in
presence of all," and "Alms should be given
to the poor without the necessity of their
asking."

PORTNEY'S LANE.

DON JUAN.

NEW Portney's Lane would not recognise him at all; and if he walked up out of the "North Maina" in his flowing hair, his shining hose and broad red-tasselled hat you would not like to have to answer for the consequences. But on January 9th, a fortnight after the battle at Kinsale, his arrival was a joy to the loyal citizens. For, to Cork intensely attached to queen and comfort, the rebelly Irish alliance with his most Catholic Majesty of Spain was disturbing to trade, uncertain of success, inopportune, and therefore to be shunned! So now when the leader canters in over the south gate he is the guest of honour for all. Mountjoy, that versatile Lord President, has come down from Shandon Castle, Mountjoy himself only 38, a dandy with multiple love-affairs, and a doubtful hereafter. Until they are up and into eclectic apartments in Portney's Lane, the Mayfair of the town; where for a couple of months, Don Juan (his literal startling name) will dance with the merchants' daughters and drink wine with the Meades and the Terrys and the Dalys and the rest. All a swift interlude only, "a little scene to fear be monarchised, and kill with looks."

For soon, on St. Patrick's Eve, Don Juan

is shipped away to Spain again, there to die in shame, at his Irish defeat; and Mountjoy, the cuckold, slips off *via* pneumonia at Savoy Palace, Strand, just 42, "at the flood," any rebel Papist heart making as good a fight as his against syncope at the end.

THE ROCHESTOWN ROAD.

PERKIN WARBECK.

As soon as the ship had tied up above Passage, the young sailor was in high humour. For before all things he was an adventurer and, though hardly yet seventeen, he has seen and lived already in his native France, in Belgium, Holland, and he has been for a trip to Portugal besides. So here now what fun it will be to get a sweetheart, "cut a dash," play swell-mobsman, anything, with those Anglo-Danish-Norman folk who are, he has heard, as capricious a crowd as the Gascons themselves—the trick begun by taking a silk suit of the skipper's without the asking, donning it and, so, away to Cork by the Rochestown Road; the native Irish delighted with the doll of a fellow and he foreign-like, the boys and girls clustering up as he reaches the South Gate, a rumour running, like the local "greased lightning," within the walls. Until the cabin-boy begins to be the cynosure of the North Main Street fashionable residents pouring out.

"Some *great* person—I'm sure he is!" And the Mayor is sought, one Walters, a *jongleur*, the paragon of wags for all time. His imagination, devilment are swift to work!

“Why, Prince!” he cries, “Hail, Prince!” The boy is *éblouisséd*. This passes a joke!

But Cork will not be denied. “What else? Wouldn’t anyone see he was a prince?” Until one whispers that of course it is so—the real Prince—Glory be! Richard III.’s own son. So the tremendous spoof is under way! Perkin Warbeck that was; the gallous fellow that stole his master’s silk suit is the idol of the salons of Skiddy’s Castle Lane! They teach him the “Engleesh,” feed him, clothe him, kiss him. So prosit to the jest till Clotho cries curtain and poor Perkin and rake Walters lose their heads in the final, literal, bloody sense at Tyburn tree.

THE SOUTH INFIRMARY.

CANON P. A. SHEEHAN.

HE is very quiet in his ways, the world has faded back from him so that he hardly seems to observe its harsh colours, the hysterias of the hour do not hurt him, though he clearly measures their effect on others about him. He has a stately, grave, gentle, but very firm way of walking or stopping. He might be a commander who had fought many wars and was struck to silence at the cumulative vanities even of blood. So at Doneraile already he begins to develop into the epic figure, love everywhere shown him, though love with a difference of awe. In his big sad house at the end of the painted street he is preparing quietly still, without hysteria, for a certain visitor. For, a few weeks ago, his wise Dublin doctor has told him that the day and the hour are at hand, that two years at the most, will elapse before the Call. So his journeys grow fewer, and it is seldom or never now that he drives to Buttevant and takes the train to Cork. You might occasionally catch a glimpse of him looking into a book window in Patrick Street or at the picture-shop on the Grand Parade, not one recognising him so that, just as he likes best, meditation and contrast can work through heart and brain as

he goes along. Until, one evening soon, he comes a different way, riding from the station in an ambulance to the South Infirmary, still grave, calm, kind, inquiring about young men especially whom he had met in the past, anxious to hear what the writers of the town were ambitioning in their art; the Christian Stoic and never a cynic in face of misfortune. So after a little respite of treatment they take him back to die rapidly in Doneraile, destroying all his letters and diaries there just before the end lest any bitterness should come out of a word he left behind. A stately passing, that heroic gesture of magnanimity that is the mark of a genuine man. So shall he endure, P. A. Sheehan, P.P. of Doneraile, now set in love and memory safe beyond any "cast of fortune's die and the iniquitous hour."

THE CITY JAIL.

WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN, the “planted” English Admiral’s son is “doing better now,” his father thinks. Perhaps he will turn out an orthodox, well-behaved colonist in a little while—hard to say! For at school in Essex he had turned to Nonconformity with a fervour startling in a boy. And when they hurried him back to communicant London his attitudes had only become more marked. So that sending him to Oxford at 15 his father was gravely perturbed; and justifiably when the youth is expelled from his college for turning Quaker under the spell of Thomas Loe. So Penn *père* brings him back to “town” again, attempts another course of dissuasion, fails, is at his wits’ end. Until, the year is 1666, the old quiet city of Cork runs into his head. He will send the young man, he is now 22, over there to learn the colonist tricks, and spend his time between the Lee side and Shanagarry, where the forfeited castle has fallen to the family loot. For a while, all is well, until, good gracious! Thomas Loe, that horrid Quaker fellow, has turned up! Penn *filis* is fascinated a second time, joins the society actively; the “law is

invoked," all the Quakers are clapped in jail!

So the admiral comes scudding, hot-keel, to Cork, releases the prodigal from the lock-up, loads him aboard ship, disembarks the scapegrace at Limehouse dock, points out the perfect bourgeois Episcopalians of Tower Hill, argues, contrasts, abuses, fails, kicks the "young devil" out! Thus William Penn jun. passes to America beyond the reach of papa, and within hail now of his great renown as Sailor, Samaritan and Friend.

CORK PARK.

THE RACES.

IMAGINE again the grand stand white-roofed, the smaller stands diminishing downward without roof at all, like common folk too humble to wear their hats before a lord; the paddock a moving floor of bucks, "county families," "gentlemen" farmers, young ladies and rebuilt older ones, in search of a tip or a husband, mothers full-chested and keen on any starter; parasols, velvet hats, flounces to entangle passing eyes; in and out, the perfect horses fed and polished beyond half the human folk of the wide hungry world outside, and a spoiled pet of a jockey visioning champagne and an immortal hour when the owner leads in the winner of the big prize. Across the trench a more clotted crowd, humanity en masse, with little tables of polished cakes, like fungi, barrels of cider like fallen tree-trunks; occasionally a scampering amidst the crowd, and a cry as a trick-o'-the-loop man, well-pitted with small-pox, or worse, makes a strategic retreat from his creditors, the spike of an R.I.C. helmet sliding after him like a periscope above the tide of heads; rings about the roulette tables, the harp-star-feather-crown-and-anchor, a map of fortune for desiring yokel's eyes, "Jack the

Ballads," drunk already, pouring out blasts of Guinness between the verses of his song for Ireland free. Farther off, on the Marina slope, now, alas, abolished by one Henry Forde, the less adventurous crowd, old ladies from Friars' Walk—their seventieth summer to see the horses—nursemaids granted leave by their mistresses this day to take Willie and Peg alongside the furzy jump, farther still by the "slooishs" and the "Marble Arch" the dreamy folk that come only to be able to say they were "at the races," and farthest of all—oh, distant delight!—in the tall grass about the Railway Line and the Agricultural Grounds the lovers, linking, to whom horses and life and chaos and all are remote.

Until—"They're off—the blue and green has it—no, red cap! Aha, the brown mare! Well ridden, my hearty! Good boy you are!"

So at last the day is sped and we pour home along the clogged roads, colour in our eyes, the blaze of the winning crimson caught into our blood that beats better for the holy levelling of this democratic day. But farewell steeds, all farewell! For behold, the wealth of Ind is upon us and the mechanic magic of Detroit, U.S.A. Pass for ever then horses, and men who came to see! All of us

trampled down ourselves now in the hooves
of steel, cheers, laughter and the rest of our
human holiday drowned in the roar of the
blast furnace by the river-side.

THE SOUTH CONVENT.

NAN O'NAGLE.

To be known in every garret of the town is distinction little sought. For there is peril as well as glory in a wide beneficence of spirit, and only with the predestined can great kindness be altogether perfect grace. To Nan O'Nagle, however, it came as you would have known had you met her, stumbling on her stick, spitting blood sometimes in the deep puddled lanes below the North Gate, or toiling with her lantern later through rain and wind for some old woman's sake round Shandon way. Though indeed these are but her pastime, since already she has been teaching the ragged children for five or six hours in her schoolhouse in Douglas Street, built and endowed by her own endeavour. And though her heart labours she climbs the rickety staircases with a snatch of a song for her kings and queens that were once but carters or kitchen-maids in the world's eye; a visit that is a smile and a surrender in the little broken thanksgivings from the bed:—

“Wisha God love you, asthore, and aren't you good to me!” and “You're son and daughter to me, ma'am, and I seeing your face!”

Till to the Sister's eyes those rafters spin to

gold bars, the peeling walls flower down, through the dim skylight incense falls. Such light and colour and perfume as never unrolled when she danced those other nights at Versailles at the Court of the molten Louis Quinze. For Nan O'Nagle of the wealthy Mallow family, kinswoman to Edmund Burke, had often floated through Sèvres and past shining Clichy in her carriage with silk to bind her lovely hair, and eyes of adoring boys to lap her in heraldry if she will but consent. Until, one immortal morning—the tale often told—Christ waved to her amid a group of working folk awaiting early Mass as her carriage rolled home through the Faubourg St. Germain. So that she flung Paris and all love and laughter of its glittering salons aside for the ecstasy of wind and rain, and secret haemorrhage from the lungs, and her ulcerated knees, and the opposition of bishops and bigoted aldermen and the rivalry of religious, all borne here in Cork without a murmur and with constant jest and smile, for Christ's sake.

PASSAGE.

RED HUGH'S MURDER.

YOUNG George Carew was the exquisite son of his exquisite father, the Dean, no common diocesan deadhead, or poor cathedral functionary, but stall-holder of exquisite Windsor itself where, too, by diaconal skill the exquisite Elizabeth will be wangled to look kindly on the boy! So let him have his share of adventure, this exquisite English caste-flavoured fellow; easy adventure such as runs over there in Ireland with battues of the rebels and record bag of Papish hides! And let him proceed at once, in order that in the flush of his youth his sporting instincts may be stirred! So at 19 it has begun and thereafter it prospers, especially throughout Munster and down at Cork—the “ruthlessness necessary to conquest,” ruthlessness a fine trisyllabic substitute for murder, simple and direct; as on one night, when Carew slays with his own hand, at sight, a group of young fellows on suspicion of having killed his brother. Such a cosmic fellow as by a few olympic gestures shall see that “rebellion does not raise its head again”—a phrase not unfamiliar from other pinchbeck Cromwells since.

But he is growing older, this “gentleman pensioner” of the Queen, and with him a

champion has begun to wrestle, Red Hugh O'Donnell his name; a terrible fiery fellow, Apollo to look upon, but with no luck. For racing south to Belgooly he barely escapes death at Kinsale where Carew smashes the Spanish-Irish force, though the leaders get off on the ships. After which, for a while, the conqueror can turn to his archæological studies, fulfilling the gentleman thus. Until tiring of genealogies he writes out a subtle prescription, the most drastic cure known for *mal de vie*. They mix it at the apothecary's, and a slave is summoned. So, one night, a scrubby, dark wart of a man goes aboard a ship for Spain at Cork; with him his phials and orders and the sure hope of hell! James Blake is his name, despatched thus by the son of the exquisite Dean with purpose to poison Red Hugh. A purpose most honourably achieved, antiquary and snake triumphant at Valladolid seven months later when Red Hugh writhes and is dead; the hiss and rattle of the deed heard and enduring till all the Carews and Windsors shall fade away with an Empire's dust.

BLACKROCK.

HENRY SHEARES ELOPES.

THE moon is all velvet and cream, the white narcissi of the stars pranked round about it. Underneath, the river shining and soft, like a woman's arm, runs smooth and luring, the very symbol for lovers. And, hist! they are coming now along the avenue, the gate is creaking, they have turned and are gone—without a word, magical, touched themselves with the wand of illusion, protean from shape to shape of delight as they travel the road from the Ursuline Convent to Cork. So that the sky is all a great chandelier with every star of cut glass and the moon itself, risen up midway, the central light for the world reduced to room-size in the miracle of visioning love. A plucky girl, quicksilver and fire in her veins; for eloping now with Henry Sheares before yet the Ursulines have come to her father's house Mary Swete has rejected a far more prosperous and banal match. She will fly with Henry Sheares, the philanthropist banker's son of Glasheen and scorn that other Fitzgibbon, the barrister with money to burn, an apostate's son from Clare, who will soon reach the infamy of the woolsack, will spit upon his kith and kin, and will go to his grave with riots and curses in Dublin while still comparatively

young, Lord Clare indeed a master-excrescence
which Mary Swete of Cork trampled early
upon for that finer flower that grew in Henry
Sheares.

THE LOWER ROAD.

SARFIELD'S FLIGHT.

WHOEVER has heard the wailing of the women as the emigrant in the sixties and eighties of the last century left his native valley, or their cry as the tender swung away from the wharf at Queenstown for the liner outside, must know what the anguish of mothers and wives can be and they losing their men. For this then the low fire was blown red upon a hearth in Donegal as a son came shining through the blue twilight home ! Is their rearing worth no more than the Pittsburg furnace and docks of St. Louis will give them, mixed with the negroes and the rest ! Woe and grief, indeed now when " there won't be anyone in the long nights after Samhain " to be breathing in sleep for an old mother's ears in her cabin in the West. Oh close your eyes, Ireland, and stop your ears from a worse agony even ! For this cry here is terrible, loud and long as if all the generations in one were wailing on the river road by the fishery slip here at Cork ! Men have been stumbling up the gangways for hours ; fine strapping men who have staked all for Ireland and have come to exile only ! And clustered about the decks and underneath, crushed back still along the jetty, the women, and children even, are jostled too, poor wives

and mothers who have followed their men from Limerick, fainting often only for the strength of love that is in them. And oh, God ! to think that this is the way they are treated now ! For, look, the hawsers are cast away, the last boat is loose on the tide, these, shrieking and moaning, are they to be left behind ? " Wirra ! Wirra ! and oh, will you go from me ? " the suddenness, the horror of it stabbing and ripping their bosoms. Till they rush out into the river, clutching at the ship's ropes trailing loose, wailing, screaming up to the great hull, as if it had a human heart and human ears that would open to pleading. Oh, heartless ship, indeed, as it sucks them down in the swell of waters behind it, while others are pounded by its sides till they sink and are drowned. Rave, rave upon the deck and curse and make your solemn vows that shall be kept, oh gallant fellow, tortured with this last sight of wives and mothers drowned before thine eyes ! Until at Steenkirk and Landen in the stirrup beside thee, on the saddle before thee urging thy war-horse on, the ghosts of them shall stand in fire and flower as the Wild Geese " with ringing, with singing of swords " cleave down the English line.

SILVERSPRING ROAD.

SARAH CURRAN.

SHE is tired, a little listless or something, to-day after last night's dance at Wood Hill House. She ought not to have cried so much as she sat out that time by herself looking down at the river and thinking the moon was strewing white flowers upon it (a queer fancy), and how soon they turned to wreaths. No, she ought not to be thinking always about him—but it is hard to forget! So, leaning on the arm of this other lover, she chokes the perfume down. They are along Silverspring now, the water racing them on to the Tivoli Road. She coughs a little, trembles, smiles up to his extraordinarily tender protection. For she needs care, shelter, succour, everything, this frail wing-beating, dark, freckled little woman, Sarah Curran, already in a "decline," who has been driven out by her honest place-hunting father for her dalliance with "treason" in the Emmett affair. And this Captain Sturgeon, her early admirer, a real romantic whose own mother had married the family groom, enters heaven as she accepts the renewal of his suit.

THE OLD "DUBLIN STATION."

ELIZABETH O'NEILL.

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth O'Neill (Lady Becher) lived for over fifty years, until her death, near Mallow, she was a rare enough visitor to Cork. Nor would you have noticed her quiet motherly calm in a tea-shop or at a sale beyond that of a well-bred woman of the suburbs. For she had accomplished a quite extraordinary thing when she was only 28, and it had lifted up her spirit to the levels beyond the cant and gossip of the world. So there was a strength beneath that soft, rounded face, and low brow; and those hands and arms, moving always in a kind of Grecian rhythm, had the magnetic touch in them that was of the spirit. And perhaps it was as well that gossip could say little about her. For otherwise she might have been a parish vogue and lost her universal magnificence. Though we may whisper her history as we stand beside her, all of us waiting for the train now in the dim old Dublin Station near the Steampacket Quay. A poor actor's daughter from Drogheda she was, 'dragged' from town to town, giving little performances in which the whole family, like the Farrens of Washington Street before her, used to take part. Until, young as she was, she conceived a horror of the life and down-at-heel, in peril

of the manifold traps of vagabondage, made a brave resolution. She had brains, health, energy, a heart that beat for those about her. She would work so hard that success shall be won, such a success as will put her mother and father and all the four children out of reach of this woeful wandering. So she acts and acts until, in Dublin, all her soul cries out in Juliet, and London hears it and she walks on at 23 at Covent Garden; a furore, her name immortal in a night. And when, on her return visit to Ireland, she plays in private theatricals at Kilkenny one night Sir W. Becher straightway offers his love. And so, true to her resolve, she accepts but bids him wait for five years yet; and refuses an earl and marries him then because she has already saved £30,000 and has settled it all upon her parents, brothers and sisters. Thus turning to Mallow, she wishes no one to talk of her acting days, and passes from strength to strength of equanimity and affection, secretly proud and glad that she has lifted her own people out of the ruck and rubble of life, and has herself escaped, the perfect philosopher, from the flattery of multitudes to the single worship of her husband and children.

GRATTAN'S HILL.

THACKERAY.

THIS visitor should, if any ever, have appealed to the town. For he is a fine youngish fellow, tall, open-faced, English, public-school looking, and, above all, he has the gift. That is to say you cannot easily tell, listening to him, where the irony begins and the sincerity ends. Though, like Charlotte Brontë, that little honest Mercury, you may grow irritated and take a violent dislike of the man. So now when he comes down from his lodgings at Grattan's Hill ostensibly to look in the Patrick Street shop windows he really overhears what the flaneurs there are saying and so writes "Pana" down. For his long training in free-lance journalism has put the trick of "copy" into his blood. And when to-morrow he goes to the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, though they do not tell him of George Sand's intimate, one of their earliest Sisters, he notes the charm of the place and the "sweet nun-like odour," a phrase cut to the flippancy he affects. And when, a little later, he gives us a hundred years of vogue in his *Irish Sketch Book* we shall at least have three justifiable boasts to make, that he called us the "greatest book-lovers he ever had met," that he found in us as in the rest of Ireland, the matter out of which he made his

first real start on the career of author, and that he married a wife from Doneraile, though she, poor thing, was destined to be ill-starred enough.

THE BUTTER MARKET.

WAKING in the night, west, at the foot of the Boggeragh Mountains, you would hear the horse and he being tackled in the yard outside, a strip of lighted bog-deal kindled at the constant turf-fire flaring up here and there as the servant-boy stoops and searches for a piece of the harness mislaid on the day before. At three o'clock there comes every five minutes or so a butt rattling and lurching through the Square and along the Main Street of Macroom, or a horseman with three firkins slung, since there are as yet no roads cut for wheeled traffic from about Adrigole. Until everywhere the day is coming up to that soothing rhymeless music of hoof-beats and rumbling wheels, and the stagger and strain of unsprung axles down the roads. And now near six, they are climbing old Mallow Lane or by the Watercourse for those travelling from the north, a greeting exchanged, that undiplomatic ease and courtesy of men who are wise to sunsets and dawn! "There was a shower only and I near Fermoy," and, "'Twas cold and the horse wheezing on me and we passing Ballea," and, "That cock at Minane—he'd crow and we coming whatever kind the weather would be." So in the year 1770 and after, the high ground about the Butter Market is rich with the morn-

ing voices of all the brogues of County Cork and even of Kerry itself. And the fame of the place spreads with its spreading merchandise in 1800 already sought as a luxury in Holland and Spain.

And now at 7 a.m. the merchants are up and to their offices in the Dickensian streets about Mallow Lane. They are an easy, oily folk, fair-skinned, as though the softness of the butter was blended in their faces, the Cork plutocracy of their day. So peace and plenty to ye! merchants and tasters and weigh-masters and packers, here in this Grecian-patterned place with the salt wind blowing up to you out of the bay and old Shandon ringing health and benediction above. And good luck to ye, farmers, as ye drink a pint with the buyers in the taverns round—good luck and God speed! my sugar-and-caution fellows that can keep a “stocking” as cutely as any in the corner of the cupboard in the “guileless open” West!

SHANDON CASTLE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

INTO the little walled city in February, 1580, a memorable time when young Shakespeare is "finishing school" at Stratford (as likely as not with the Jesuit master there) a new gang of English enters; Devonmen, about a hundred in all, with one Captain Raleigh, 24 years of age, at their head, just arrived by transport from the Isle of Wight. For this is the age of discovery, piracy, expropriation—the Elizabethan frenzy for easy wealth quick-acquired. And since food and fortune seem suddenest here England makes her most concentrated descent upon us to destroy, as the advertised motive runs, our fratricidal ways and so to convert us into good bovinities such as may accept the oligarchs of the Thames and the roast beef culture for ever more. So here the most skilful sorcerers, the "men possessed" of their epoch are over to bedevil us, Sussex, Sydney, Grey, Mountjoy, Carew, Spenser, Raleigh himself; the poet rejoicing that we starve off the face of the earth, the Captain writing to Cecil that "it can be no disgrace if it were knowen that the killinge of a rebel weare practised," Lord Deputy Sussex swearing in "upon the Bible" his hired assassins,

Sir Peter Carew, Knight, sticking children and pregnant women with his sword because they have a "treasonous air," Grey himself the exquisite disemboweller of Smerwick. But our tryst is with the latest of them now as he steps up from the river to Shandon Castle there at the President's office to present his credentials; a commanding figure, the forehead a little too high, a touch of cunning in the arch of it, the nose shapely, lips pouting, a full moustache and the tapering beard in the fashion, confident, a demon of observation and energy, electrifying even when he walks out in his ruffs and shining hose. So in and out of Cork and the world for forty years he will garotte and gamble and seduce and achieve—murder, lies, munificence, valour all into the Walpurgis fire wherethrough he whirls. Until behold him on a day again, lousy and palsied, gibbering, spitting phthisis out with every breath, shaking with fear of this plague that is going in rigors over the prisoners near him! Well done, Fate, thou art conqueror still! Come now, Erinmys, thou didst not die with Greece overthrown! So watch reader, watch how the destinies do the trick. And one fine morning, scars and kingdoms nothing worth, he gives a little kick, throws out his arms and is dead in the Tower of London, this Walter

Raleigh who wrote those letters all love and cajolery and consent from his house below the Cedars at Tivoli to darling "Bess" the dear decoy-duck of seventy diplomatic years.

SUMMERHILL STATION.

THE FUGITIVES.

WHO are these, beasts of burden in the disguise of men, the "wild Irish" of the "history"-books, outcasts, or what? They toil up Summerhill with heavy loads, a mattress often, a carpet bag with a shirt and a coat and a rosary beads, a couple of tins rattling in their hands; the vision of *Empire* reflected in a glass darkly as the funeral climbs. For funeral it is with Ireland every day going to her grave, the young and fair from every valley in those emigrant gangs vomited out of trains at the Glanmire Station, and who pass now in this frightful cinema of Summerhill. And so again in train-jolts to Queenstown and the tender that shall swing them out to be swallowed into the stinking hold of the big ship between the forts. Now they stretch out upon the platform for a minute's rest at Summerhill, distracted and dumb, baffled by this confusion of travel after the slow-going days in Leitrim and Clare, buzzed about by dealers in those tin cups and plates that the emigrant himself must supply for the cynical steerage-table, tormented by the touts from the Queenstown lodging-houses crying the claims of their Stygian hotels. So farewell, island of saints and scholars! Now art thou become a stricken place with flesh and

blood kicked and beaten and driven off while my lord Suck-blood, the leaseholder, lives lecherous days at Cairo or with his most recent mistress in the corner of Park Lane! And drop your head, reader, who climb singing this year to laburnum villa on Italian Montenotte; and passing that old site of the Summerhill Station, dull now as the socket in a skull, drop a prayer for those who went that way of the Cross to the agonies that were half the chronicle of life then in the mills and quarries of monopolist U.S.A.

NORTH MONASTERY.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

OFTEN you will see him walking up and down the sloping path in front of the graveyard where now his body lies. Other times he will be tending a bed of flowers, a special hobby of his. Then he will rise up from the weeding and look down upon the city, a picture of the world and of his life. For he has ascended, himself, thus early out of the swamps that are men's ambition, and the pools of the vanishing lights that are love of woman. A young man—he is only 35 years of age—you might at first imagine from his self-possession and restraint that disappointment has driven him thus into himself. But if, indeed, there is disappointment it is lost now in the new environment. For this is Gerald Griffin, who at 20 went from Limerick to London there to “rival Shakespeare and throw Scott in the shade.” So that before he is 23 he is the author of tragedy, comedy, the libretto of an opera and an infinite burden of the journalism by which alone he can pay the rent. A climax too shocking for his over-wrought idealism and sensitive impatience of the world's unequal justice. And thus he is back in Dublin soon again, publishing his “Collegians” when he is 25, troubling his friends by his refusal to accept patronage

or promotion at their kind hands. A chequered emotional life at best (between Dublin and Limerick and London); until now the bell rings! It is meditation-time. And Brother Griffin leaves his gardening and turns indoors to the monastery chapel. From which again in a few months only—he is but 36—he will be brought, with prayer and benediction, in his coffin to that cemetery close by. A quiet simple exit for the boy of mettle and great daring, who once stormed Doubting Castle in London itself, and whose fame as man and writer shall be safe for centuries. So let us pluck a flower from that bed he tended so well and throw it upon his grave; and let the friends weep him who was so gentle and sad, for all his impetuous youth. And add too, at the end, a little “rue for remembrance” as she would wish, that Quaker friend of his from long ago. Though on that chapter let silence turn the page and keep the perfume in.

EASON'S HILL.

MARY AIKENHEAD.

TO-NIGHT, the 19th of January, 1787, the christening party is given. The doctor is aglow—it is a mixed marriage and he is such a splendid fellow as bids his wife baptise the child into her Catholic faith. So upstairs over the shop in Daunt's Square with the little bottle glass panes giving eye-glances from all the lighted windows, the company assembles. She is a "sweet child," dark-brown eyed, pink-cheeked, their first-born, destined to achieve the height of all the prayers and good wishes tendered. Since she will grow up *via* the fosterage of a coal-porter's wife on Eason's Hill, and the smiles of the beaux as she is walked out in the afternoons on the Parade, to be foundress and inspirer of the Order of Irish Sisters of Charity; multitudes of women yet to call her blessed who sets the model of self-sacrifice for the sake of her ill-starred sisters everywhere, her own father won to Faith by the lyrical company of his child, and to Cork a tradition left of abnegation, such a tradition as must outlive the jargon of many marts and exchanges and can pass even the utility of gold that is flame-coloured as though sure to burn with its keeper in hell.

COVE.

QUEEN VICTORIA CONDESCENDS.

THIS way the people have been fleeing; out between the forts that shine with furze, till the sun coming up makes the clumps of it like gold brooches on the neck of Earth, the beloved. So the exile ships are sailing and the fields smile them away; a happy journey for some at least, "bread and work for all," as the song foretells in fatherly U.S.A., a better hope than famine and fever and the bailiff and rack-renter can offer over here. For it is 1848, anguish and grief and hunger down the wind.

Until, behold, the curtain rings up for an entrance! Let exits be forgot! White-funnelled, the suggestion of all things pure and holy, spangled down the mast-line with flags to which the villa-flags ashore make little pusillanimous curtseys, as though too loyal to wag vulgarly and roar in the wind, behold again the yacht! Now it is up to the deep-water quay, and She steps down—ineffable day! And her Irish, "My Irish"—the humour of it, as Nym would signify—for ever after they may call the place Queenstown! So blow yourselves out with cheers, good folk, and, Empire, go ravaging on! And away with us all ecstatic, in small boats, on foot by the banks, in broughams and ass-carts along

the road, away, away while she "clustered about by all her starry fays" (Keats the best anticlimax for it now), "Victoria the Good," foozling and fair, is past Blackrock and, at last, to the jetties of the "grand old rebel city." And there while the riggings throb with shouting sailors and the quaysides ring to "rebel" cheers, by swift stagecraft call up Sarsfield and his hunted Irish wailing out to exile from the self-same spot. So louder, louder, Cork, with your cheers to drown that cry! Till She smiles upon us all, God help us, and knows us not, how we can these years huzza for anything being, as failing bodies are, prone to all hysterias that enter through the eye. So farewell Victoria, the queen of our raree show. Farewell, and may the Lord have mercy upon us and all living fools!

YOUGHAL STRAND.

DERMOT MACMURROGH.

“WHITHER now, O King? You are old, heavy with the weight of many sins. Will you not turn to God and prepare for your last end, a while?” Angel after angel fails from the task; Ollamh Fodhla, Cuchulin, Conn, following down the roads on steeds of light, whisper in his ears as he rides through Hy Felimy; the thousand martyrs of Eire throng round his heart and pluck at the strings as he passes Portlairge. But this time heaven shall not prevail. For now, at last, he is halted at Corcoran Strand; old Clay Castle runs high and sparkling on to sea, winds young and merry play with its breasts of silver till the fine sand-shower falls and they shine an instant in mail for the waves rising up, their lovers below. Oh God! God! that ever it should come to this! That wind and wave and silver spray and streaming necklace of sand and shell-fans like fallen star-clusters on the shore should dim and darken, universal eclipse! So the Fomorians are back, subtler, more snaring than the smooth bogs; here by the foothills, in which you sink—the fearful Fomorians! And this, their devilry such as exceeds all! For behold that shape! Not man, nor beast but beyond them to monster

and devil, a lust-ridden lump, heavy, huge, harsh-voiced, pawing, cursing, raving; age no mellowing tenderness in his blood as he enters now his seventy-seventh year. Down upon your knees, Ireland, and wail as he boards his ship by the Battery Sluice, and sails out east. For this is 1166, and that boat is more horrid than all boats that ferry the dead over Styx since one worse than any of the ancient world is aboard; Dermot MacMurrough, the ravisher, cut-throat, convent-breaker, incendiary, of diabolical courage too, Dermot MacMurrough away now to bring Anglo-Normans and the eight hundred years of anguish in.

RECRUITING IN 1781.

FEBRUARY, 1781. The streets are often in an uproar. On the 17th the Press Gang, four lieutenants, two midshipmen, with band, drums and colours search for sailors. On the 23rd other parties scour in and out from the North to the South Gate and up to Shandon Castle, and back by Duncan Street to St. Barry's and Capwell. The pageant of active service is dressed; for opera almost, as light horse, artillery, and foot with hail of drums pass along the mean streets. On the 26th the victory drive is at its height. Despite familiar rain and wind the town is thronged; numbers join up for the "great war" of their day. It is the same well-proved system as ever; lorries with gay ladies, intensely imperialist on the profits of trade; from sparkling half-tierces they distribute martial fervour to the tongue-lolling crowd. When the night-in-day of the tenebrous winter air becomes real dark after 4 p.m. flambeaux light up, and torches, till the drunken recruits are charging Troy through the smoke and sacking Rome in the javelin flames. Thus works that famous treacly talking Cork porter with sufficient horse-power in every pint to ride down the devil himself or mighty Jupiter. So, sign, boys, sign—your mark—'twill do! And left! right! left! and

away ! till we plug you with lead out West in our latest little war. For Empire, alas, is shaken these days, especially since that rude fellow, Washington, has fought a few battles more brilliant even than the Boyne. So, for God's sake, drunk or sober, you serf-Irish, enlist, and let us fight behind you for our landed plutocracies and our account-book theologies and all the social disabilities of our unparalleled Christian State !

JOHN WESLEY AND THE REV.
ARTHUR O'LEARY.

THIS little old fellow, 84, with white hair flowing almost to his shoulders and pink cheeks has been restless thus for the last sixty or seventy years. And on this his fortieth or fiftieth trip to Ireland he tours as actively as ever before. Often they have stoned and hustled him, but his bull-dog faith in heaven and himself persists. So it is a pleasure to meet him anywhere, and especially at a breakfast party, as here on the Grand Parade now. For he has been invited to meet this other "lion," a straight, stiff, six feet fellow with great power of control in his features. Crafty? Yes! Baffling always, therefore sought! And to-day at his most amiable best, as John Wesley writes in his diary: "He is not the stiff queer man that I expected, but of an easy, genteel carriage, not wanting in sense and learning." So let us introduce Father Arthur O'Leary, of the Friary, Capuchin, late chaplain to the forces, pensioner of the British, equivocal patriot, brilliant society man, philanthropic, a great controversialist, glib, fascinating, dangerous, loved by many, trusted by few.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

BROTHER BURKE.

THIS big, slow-footed, heavy, smiling half-blind old man has put into practise the most enlightened methods of education long before the Irish Boards have attempted, as is their practise, the outworn and discarded systems of England. For educationally we are behind ninety-nine stupidities in Ireland, save when a genius of emotion, if not of intellect, illuminates the dark as this man does for us now. Behold him in his class, a combination and anticipation of Montessori, Pearse and a hundred others, a curious wheedling old fellow, the father, uncle and guardian of his pupils, and no master at all in the narrow sense; or, another time, at the Trades Hall talking the workers back to childhood by his overflowing interest; or, further, over at Birmingham, say, with a group of charmed shop-foremen hanging upon his words at Tangye's Works. So that Brother Burke of the Christian Schools, Cork, must live for many a day, a teacher out of a million, his lesson a preparation for life rather than for any examination test, his shining spirit a light always for any who saw the flame of it, alive.

THE DOWNFALL AT KINSALE.

WHEN the Elizabethan bandits had broken the Brehon clan-systems of land tenure the planters seemed in full control. The Irish Clanrickardists, beaten in body and spirit, apostatised, compounded, accepted grants in fee-simple, did a thousand cowardly things because hunger and outlawry made them weak. A few only held out here and there for faith and honour, and even these were near dissolution when, suddenly, a terrific rumour ran. The North, rebel as ever, had united; Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, who, the one at Whitehall, the other at Dublin Castle, had already defied the compromisers, are on the march together now. Armagh has fallen, the English (God's blessing!) are hammered back into the Pale. In 1598, at the Yellow Ford there has been an eternal hour, Bagenal and two thousand of his raveners dead and unwept when the fight is done. In 1599, over the Curlew Mountains a cry is heard, but not of wailing or any keen; for the Lord-President and 1500 of his men are killed! The story rattles from hill to hill, like thunder, South and East; hearts swell and vows are pledged with hope again for the invincible cause. In 1600 O'Neill is at Inniscarra to confer with Florence MacCarthy; Donal O'Sullivan,

the Spanish King's Secretary, has been to Tuam to consult with the Archbishop there. Philip II. will fling in a force soon, the disgrace of the shattered Armada will be avenged. But the Spaniards are slow; hardly the stuff of conquerors any more. Will they ever come? If they do it will be a "splendid hazard," says O'Sullivan of Beara as the Lee hushes its current in key with their expectation. They pledge to the tryst whatever arise! So time whirrs to the great conclusion. For now, in September, 1601, the promise is kept. A fleet, and then another, tack past the Old Head: though hardly the ships they had awaited. For these are but poor vessels, with small guns and 3000 men, a scant force, aboard. The flagship ties up, Don Juan del Aguila marches with twenty-five colours into Kinsale. It is a golden entrance; the folk are thrilled. Let walls and bastions be manned, couriers fly!

But alas, the story repeats, as often before! The chiefs of the Irish do not rally. Thomond and Clanrickard reneague for the belly and bed certainty of the English side. MacCarthy Mor is seized already, a prisoner, in the Tower. For three weeks the 3000 odd Spaniards with the four hundred women and children they have brought with them on the ships await the decision. Sir George Carew has

nearly 11,000 men at Cork; great numbers of the Irish, serfs of poltroon clan-leaders, are in his train. The sum is simple:—A British army with supply ships based on Bristol can beat any Irish-Spanish combine based on the Spanish ports. Valour, idealism—these things are great propaganda. But they cannot counter organised commissariat and levies at hand. Though, St. Patrick for the rebels! Red Hugh is sweeping South again! By a stupendous forced march he has swung westward over Sliev Felim, forty miles in one day to avoid the English. Next, he is before Kinsale. It is into December now, iced rain falling and snow, and slush deep upon the ground. Fevers and rigour are in the very wind. But Don Juan is up; O'Neill has arrived; the issue is knit. On December the 23rd, night, the sky is solid darkness, heavy like a vast abcess, so thunderous is the air. Lightning tears it open, the streaks of it lurid, like bursting pus. The morbid welter works. Ireland is poisoned through and through. So next day, Christmas Eve, surveying the dead, Clanrickard is an immortal type. For it is his Irish clansmen above all who have smashed O'Sullivan and the Spanish troops: a glorious parable for Ireland to the end of time, that Clanrickardry in excelsis visible and defined. The funeral

service for Erin betrayed and dead, follows at Innoshannon, where at a council held O'Donnell elects to sail for Spain for help, O'Neill for the West to rally again, O'Sullivan for the invincible fame of Dunboy, and that retreat that shall never die.

QUEENSTOWN.

THE AMERICAN FLEET.

TIME, the juggler, plays his latest trick : 1782—1918. Hey! Presto! Enemies, Friends! Friends, Enemies! For behold the big-sailed schooners tacking heavily past Beala Coneen, a coastguard signalling from the shore. So month by month the "All clear" waves as the foodships put out. Though this sick thing overseas will thrive now by no feeding. For these cargoes from the great victualling centre at Cork with food-stuffs for the 40,000 English fighting against American freedom must turn again and head home with fugitives only half-fed aboard; the U.S.A. too strong to be enslaved any more to the Georgian stupidities of empire bursting with the weight of pride. And lucky for the old Empire as the sequel proves. For here now it is 1918 with steam and dynamo to diabolise the waters of old Cove, and such a flung down pallette of ships as makes the whole waterway a child's delight for any who sees from Spy Hill the linked destroyers painted out into disguises of hulls, life-buoys, rocks, fish, anything such as later may confuse the furtive U-boat periscoping round and past the Heads outside in search of prey. For this ingenious, hybrid America, U.S. rather, has rushed in, by trick, force or any

way at all to salve the sinking Anglo-Saxon world. A task accomplished quickly as you shall hear soon with Queenstown dressed for peace and quiet again, a bell beating over the harbour from St. Colman's tower, white sea-gulls in and out of the little mills of waters whose overseers they are.

CORK'S ONLY REBELLION.

WHEN good Queen Bess died Cork lost its "excellent friend." It had thriven well under her winking eye; a spacious business in secret service transacted with her Majesty's representatives, and in mere money-making sales of food and arms with the disloyal Irish outside, these latter a wild enough tribe, while still the wolf could be heard howling in the night by Ryecourt and round Kilcrea. So those Anglo-Normans with the Danish streak had a *Kultur* of connivance all their own; purchasing ammunition from French merchant-vessels in the harbour, retailing it to the "rebelly Papes" around the Kerry Pike, at Shylock's interest, and then turning the other pocket to their lords and masters, the English governors, at Shandon Castle. So that for their great utility Eliza would remit the fines against the Catholics amongst them, and often threw in a little grant in aid when the Munster President imposed a heavy indemnity for "Mass-houses" discovered in their midst. For the Queen argued wisely that it was better to split these Papists by pandering to their "loyal" ones within the walls at the same time that she plundered and harried the true ultra-Montanists on the hills. At her death "the faithful garrison" were a little spoiled, refractory,

individualist. Who, indeed, is this James the First?—out upon him for an undivulged personality, say the Meades and the Roches and the Barrys and the Morroughs and the Galways—no allegiance to him till he declares whether he will continue Elizabeth's facing-both-ways government—Cork with its conditional loyalty, that went Sinn Fein often to avoid the taxes in Bess's time, will do a Bolshevik stunt now if necessary to stampede James. So out with the guns and rake the royal stores at Skiddy's Castle, the governor's windows at Shandon; let Haulbowline be blockaded against attack from the sea. Worse than all, admit those wild and woolly real rebels from without the gates—they will spare the Meades and the Roches and the Barrys and the Morroughs and the Galways the fag of this distressing war-business. But Mountjoy has marched from Dublin with 5000 men. The imported Celts are eager to resist; they thirst for a fight, but the Meades and the Roches and the Barrys and the Morroughs and the Galways have a word with the Mayor and tears are shed. It is raining heavily, two men have already been killed—bloodshed is such a wretched, messy thing compared with simple aqueous principles. Let the gates be opened. Business as usual—God save the King!

CARRIGALINE.

THE FAMINE YEAR.

DOWN along the coast especially, and over the hills from Bantry to Kinsale the poor people are starving after the potatoes have failed. The red-coat garrisons are in barrack, as before, fed somehow by grace of God, or the devil, Babylon is only one day's journey with its bulging warehouses by "Thames his side," Empire flies its blood and bone flags as lavishly as ever from Greenwich to Mandalay. But over here a corpse is cheap and the anatomists grow impudent from excess supplies. So night and day the fugitives throng into Cork city, to see if there is any shelter in the big streets from this hunger and fever that cannot be turned away at all from cabins on the grey roads along the west. On the north side the charitable people give what help they can; along Douglas Street as the overflow sets that way from the Union Gates many a one shares a literal crust. Even on the fashionable hills there is a stirring to alms and prayer. But the arrangements are woeful, as you might see along the Douglas Road, with many a fine woman's son stretched on the curb and a good priest anointing him before he'll die on the cold stone. For now the hospitals and sheds are full and there is no nourishment left for

the poor creatures, or nurses to bring them a drink and they very dry. And look at the way they're treating some of the late-comers and the plight they're in. Putting them in the jail for that night and next day loading them into a van, to be taken fainting and frightened to a spot "five miles from the boundary." Oh, God forgive us the shame! For the Councillors in panic for their townsmen's safety have invoked this statute by which all "homeless people" found after dusk can be clapped in the prison that night and sent out at dawn to be dropped in a dyke at Ballincollig or gasping by the cross-roads at Carrigaline, there, in the mercy of God, to wander off and die quickly, or anything, so long as the town may forget.

JUSTIN MACCARTHY.

LORD MOUNTCASHEL.

JUSTIN MACCARTHY is a name that has risen to distinction often in Cork. But this one now is the most versatile of them all. A curiously woman-faced man, with a long Roman nose tapering almost like a beak; hardly an impressive-looking soldier as he reaches Cork, King James II.'s Commander-in-Chief for Munster. But his actions are arresting. He reinstates the landless Catholics, he reassures the startled Protestants. It is a brilliant experiment, not much favoured in the trick o' the loop diplomacy of Dublin Castle. When Bandon revolts the Commander, unlike Maxwell, creates no immortals by quicklime and the rest. Later, in the North, when his troops break he advances single-handed, in the classic mode, against the Enniskilleners himself; and they respond to the chivalry and spare him injury and humiliation. Back in Cork again after his defeat, he is ill at ease. The cynics hint that he is in league with the enemy. How else explain the generous Ulster attitude! He loses his temper at the parish malevolences and abandons the town. Look for him soon after about Ivrea, across the Alps, where his kinsman Thaddeus the Blessed had begged his way and died long ago. For Justin MacCarthy leads

that Mountchashel's Brigade, which he has recruited, to glory about Piedmont now, Justin MacCarthy, whose clan and name were noble, and renowned in Desmond before ever Boadicea came to dividend-rolling Thames.

BALLYVOLANE HOUSE.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THIS to the glory of Cork forever ! Cromwell, with his cherry-tipped nose and his great ox-back has come on his little excursion from winter-quarters at Youghal. The ride through the bogs, and on past Middleton is Puritanism in pageant. Sir William Fenton, the bunco steerer's son, my Lord Broghill, best-beloved child of land-sharping Lord Cork, "divers other gentlemen"—they all are en route ! They pass Barryscourt where Cambrensis, a choicer liar, had been, and by Tivoli fragrant still with "sweet Raleigh's," cedars, and into Cork, the Lord Protector's sacred body well-bedded this night at Ballyvolane House, a "very hearty and noble entertainment offered him" by all the citizens—oh specious, colonising cant ! For these days they have a little way of sorting out the citizens, quick in execution, but with lingering reactions even down to 1920 and the allegedly progressive future. So listen ! that is the third cannon now ! Oh, Christ, we are destroyed. Hurry ! hurry—for your life ! . . . Oh, God be praised ! The South Gate . . . Thus it ends. The last of the outcasts, old, feeble, slow-moving crawls away to Glasheen. Others in dozens and threes, are turning east to the

sea, some single, mad, are making their way to the bush-country beyond Kilcrea. But of the glory that shall abide let Cork keep memory. How all those people of the ancient faith accepted outlawry, hunger, the savage's day, rather than ever the gutter-change of religion by which at Master Cromwell's orders and invitation they might have filled their bellies and lived the foul prosperous life vouchsafed to any who turned on their own.

OLD MALLOW ROAD.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HIMSELF and his horse—well, I declare ! if you were to see them and they all covered with dust on the Old Mallow Road ! A small little man, nice and stout, and a kind of a thickened upper lip and a sort of a dimple, you'd say, in the middle of his forehead and he humming to himself as if he hadn't a care in the world. Though you couldn't believe your eyes when you looked closer at him and saw that he was no more than a boy and the signs of the small pock only that make him look old, and when he dismounts, falls off you'd nearly say, so free and easy he takes it, you'd never suspect that he is a most "misfortunate" child and will yet be the most "misfortunate" man of his day. So, "Keep on south till you come to the river and then turn east, and good luck to you !" And he is up in the saddle then again and cantering away for Cove. Though when he reaches there 'tis cardplaying he goes and loses the passage-money for the States and goes picking shells too with the children. God love us ! he hasn't a splink of sense. And then sure he's off home again with only a shilling or two now for the road. So that soon he swops his young mare for a withered old nag

and a couple of pounds, and oh, laughter and love and the comic Muse, such riding was never seen ! Until he's back to his mother at Ballymahon in the west where, poor woman, she has little welcome, since this is already the second time he has left her "for good" and returned in a month or six weeks ! Oh, Oliver Goldsmith, you playboy, ere ever Christy Mahon was dreamed of, you champion "Playboy of the Western World" in this year of grace, 1751, and you only twenty-two !

THE GREAT ISLAND.

2000 B.C.

IN Heliopolis, burning with its frame of sand, the sun flutes the temple pillars to gold. At night, while the great owls hoot, a glamorous moon to which all the sky is ocean without a cloud, throws a spectral pencil of shadow from the obelisk. Far away in Memphis a Pharoah walks with his hundred painted slaves at high noon. At Thebes itself the mighty culture grows. Poets, sculptors, chroniclers, voluptuaries of art throng the schools and theatres. Nothing, surely, shall ever be seen like this, they dream, exalted with the pride of their newest civilisation. It is a mighty year—2000 B.C. in mighty Egypt. And, lo, there is a voice crying in the Far West—the strange land, the luminous land where the mountains shine with gold and the rivers are enchanted—in the very south of it even, a swift plague has broken out. And over the great Island of Cork the people die, so that this whole tribe of Nemed is destroyed who came hither from some land of Europe or the East, hearing on the wind, or by incantation, word of the ten regions there that are mined with gold and of the rivers that are gold-bedded in the uplands guarding Baile atha Cliath.

GERALD GRIFFIN STREET.

THE '67 RISING.

JAMES STEPHENS, 40, middle-sized, stout, ferret-eyed; John O'Leary, slim, intellectual, 35; two "queer fellows" on a jaunting-car on the Dunkettle Road in August, 1863. They are having a run about and a talk with Brian Dillon and others these few days just before Stephens gets married, with O'Leary best man, at Dublin. It is subtle talk, too, of its kind; and in a little while action flies up out of it. For by March, 1867, Cork is transformed by reason of these few. And on the freezing night of the 4th, under the stock-still moon, there are great marchings of men. Up in Gerald Griffin Street the old folk draw their beds near to the windows that they may the better hear this tread of the young going by. Here and there stealthily a woman knocks at a pane to stir some boy whose courage has momentarily failed. Other women, the comfortable well-to-do class even, steal round with bandoliers of bullets hidden in their skirts. Cork is Irish and desperate to-night if ever. The thousands who climb the hills see the star. And though the mist will swirl down, and cheat them of the full vision, the real Ireland shall go forward swifter than ever now because of the sterling men who marched for her in '67.

SHANDON.

FATHER PROUT.

DYING in Paris he is now, the "gay old spark." He will not set Tommy Moore's nerves on edge any more by counterfeiting his songs, nor yap at Daniel O'Connell in that foolish and persistent puppy-dog way. And God be with him all the time! For he has left us a ringing fame in those "Bells of Shandon" he first wrote on the wall-paper over his head while he lay sick in his early twenties in the college at Rome. And even though he did leave his native Cork when he was only twelve, and never "cast an eye on his birth-place near the Sand Quay" again but went singing and jeering across Europe—well, even so, who will complain? For he had the Cork flavour all through, Francis Mahony, "Father Prout," that bitter, sparkling, proud, mercuric fellow, dust himself with the dead by Shandon Steeple now "whose bells he cast to gold."

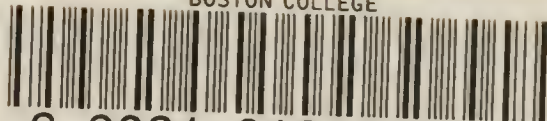
FAREWELL AND REMEMBER !

So through the lit silver of a summer evening the last picture shines—new Cork of the shafts and the factories challenging the dying day to life again. The old riverside plumed with steam and light as the silver dims, fires roaring in the forges of the wonderful motor-mills, Finnbarr and Fursey and Thaddeus himself looking down with curious eyes upon it all; curious and longing now again that through the smoke and the flame and the great fires of progress that shall rage the high gold of inspiration they gave may be purified and shaped to new use in the golden town.



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